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Conspiracy Poem

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CONSPIRACY POEM

By Steve Minnich

The poet is widening the space
between the conspiracy
and the theory. Every grand organization
has its rogue groups, its maverick individuals.
Somewhere along the chain,
word will be that the order comes from the top.
There will always be a social element
involved, the action must be approved
by a peer, at least. Even a higher order.
The conspiracy is not necessarily a bad thing.
Only an element of change.
The Olympians were rogues. This is a celebrated concept.
Of course, every truth must involve
some chaos, Loki can attest.
The reader now recalls the period of chaos that was the war for Olympus.
The Civil War. Revolutionary War.
Although every war is a revolution in some way.
This has multiple understandings :
 things carry on
 things change
These understandings are not mutually exclusive
but simultaneous. The poet wonders
if she is a conspiracy or a theory,
a rogue, a maverick, one of the many.
She wonders if conspiracy only exists in theory, if she only exists in theory,
the difference between herself and the poet.

She wonders if even the God figure
could be only part of a conspiracy,
what that would make of her,
of the strings holding her pen,
of the reader pulling the strings.